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MILL HILL SCHOOL, MIDDLESEX.



(From a Correspondent.)

AMONGST your descriptions of different public buildings, it is to me surprising, that you have not included the Grammar School at Mill Hill; the only public institution, of which the numerous and respectable body of Protestant Dissenters can, as a body, boast.

Having been brought up within its walls, I feel the most lively interest in its concerns; and cannot but think that a short account of it will be interesting to many of your readers.

The original school-house, situate at Mill Hill, though it could boast of having once been the dwelling of Linnæus, and the occasional residence of architects, could be proud of no architectural beauty: but the new building, (of which the above is a view, from an engraving in a letter requesting assistance towards the building of a new chapel,) fully makes up for the deficiency of its predecessor upon that point; and its fine situation, on the brow of a hill, with views of Harrow, the surrounding country, and Windsor Castle in the distance, makes more ma-

jestic the appropriate simplicity and boldness of its style, which reflects credit on the architect, Mr. Tite, of London.

The grand front, looking on Harrow to the west, has a noble portico, supported by six, plain, Ionic pillars, and surmounted by a pediment, from which springs a stone coping, running entirely round the building. Connected with the portico, by glass doors, is the Dining Hall, a handsome room with a panelled ceiling and enriched fireplaces at either end, and communicating with the interior parts of the building by folding doors. The north end of the building is the part belonging more peculiarly to the boys. It has but a ground floor, and attic story, which, being connected by a stone passage running the entire length of the building, and a stone staircase, is thus rendered entirely free from all danger of fire.

The erection, which cost (I believe) 20 or 25,000*l.*, and was planned to contain 150 scholars, was built without either funds or scholars; there being now a considerable deficit of both.

Mill Hill, which is within two or three miles of Edgware, and four of Barnet, was the residence of the notorious John Wilkes, and of the late Alderman Sir Charles Flower; and at Highwood Hill, within a mile, is the house, which was the residence of William Wilberforce, Esq.

Cambridge.

H.

THE POETS, SURREY AND PETRARCH.

THE name of Surrey is one that English Poetry has reason to be proud of; not so much on account of the extent of his works, or of their intrinsic excellence, (which, nevertheless, is considerable,) as for the important services contributed by him towards polishing our language—services which entitle him, without exaggeration, to the honourable appellation of the remodeller of English Poetry. An enthusiastic attachment to the noble works of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, generated by an early and devoted study of their poetry during his travels in Italy, was, doubtless, the means of laying the foundation for that polished taste, which directed his attention towards the then existing state of our versification, and suggested those improvements in it which he subsequently effected. But, it is not, perhaps, generally known, how deeply Surrey is indebted to the Italian Poets for something beyond the improvement of his taste; as he has drawn very largely upon his stores of Italian literature to embellish his own productions, without the slightest acknowledgment. It may not be unacceptable, shortly, to examine the nature and extent of those improvements, by the successful introduction of which, Surrey partly acquired that share of estimation amongst our poets, which he still continues to possess.

The introduction of that noblest of metres, blank verse, into the English language, alone renders the name of Surrey deserving of immortality. His translations of the second and fourth books of the *Æneid* are universally allowed to be the earliest specimens in the language of blank verse; which, however, has since been exalted to the highest rank in English versification. To Surrey belongs the merit of having infused into our poetry a spirit of refinement both in thought and expression, and of having divested it of those "affectations, look you," with which the generality of preceding writers abound. Not that it would be difficult to produce from the poems of Chaucer, (who has been justly denominated the "Morning Star of English Poetry," and whose "Knight's Tale" furnishes the earliest conspicuous example of the heroic couplet in the language,) as well as from those of several of his successors, extracts

remarkable alike for purity of thought and harmony of versification. It is universally allowed, by all versed in the history of early English literature, that the more gradual progress of poetic refinement, received an impulse from the masterly genius of Chaucer, and that he contributed largely towards amending the state of versification as it prevailed at the time in which he flourished. But, it devolved upon Surrey to complete what Chaucer had so well begun. At the time of Surrey's appearance, he found still universally prevalent the custom derivative from the French, of laying an inordinate stress upon the final syllables, consequent on employing words which, from want of importance or insufficiency of harmony rendered it impossible to produce fine and sonorous versification. This accentual rhyme weakened the effect of the best poetry. There is nothing in reading Chaucer and the poets of his age so harsh and offensive to a modern ear as this defect; and it becomes wearisome in the extreme by its unceasing repetition. Surrey discountenanced it altogether, and banished it entirely from the language. There were several other points of minor importance, in which he improved the heroic couplet; and so finished, indeed, was it left by him, that it has since undergone but little alteration. It is true that his lines do not fall upon the ear with that musical cadence to which we are accustomed in the exquisite polish of modern poetry; but, this is easily accounted for, when the distance at which he wrote is duly considered. If we institute a comparison between the poems of Dryden and Pope, and those of Surrey, we shall be astonished to find how little, even in their most finished pieces, the former have been able to add to the strength and harmony of Surrey's versification.

Now, there can be no doubt but that this harmony is, in a great measure, to be attributed to Surrey's diligent study of the Italian poets, especially of Petrarch; for, as Puttenham says, he imitated "in all very naturally, and studiously, his master, Francis Petrarca." The predominance of metaphysical notions in Petrarch's poetry, probably, enchained his attention more, particularly to him; as they were much in unison with the general character of the times. The cause of his ardent devotion to Petrarch, above all other Italian poets, finds, however, another, and a still more easy solution, in the coincidence of Love possessing a corresponding power over each, and of their each loving one adored object with a reverence which, in Petrarch, amounted almost to idolatry. Of his Laura it may indeed be said that—

"she was the ocean
To the river of his thoughts,"

—the pervading spirit, the "constant image"

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of his poetry, and the fountain from which his ideas abundantly flowed. Surrey, therefore, naturally found amid the impassioned effusions dictated by the love of Petrarch, a ready echo to those gentle and mysterious feelings that first "are learned in lady's eyes." But he has echoed more than Petrarch's feelings; for, in the Sonnet entitled, "A vow to love faithfully, howsoever he be rewarded," he has echoed the very words of the following Sonnet of Petrarch's; a circumstance that has not been remarked by any of the editors of his poems. The "Argomento" of Petrarch's Sonnet is, "Dice che in ogni luogo e tempo, sospirerà sempre per Laura"—that, at all times, "and wherever he may be, he shall never cease to sigh for Laura."

Pommi ove 'l sol occide i fiori e l'erba,
O dove vince lui! ghiaccio e la neve:
Pommi ov' è 'l carro suo temprato e leve,
Ed ov' è chi cel rende e chi cel serba:
Pommi in unil fortuna od ia superba,
Al dolce aere sereno, al foco e grove:
Pommi alla notte, al dì lungo ed al breve,
Alla matura etade, ed all' acerba;
Pommi in cielo, od in terra, od in abisso,
In alto poggio, in valle ima e palustre;
Libero spinto, od a' suoi membri affisso
Pommi con fama oscura, o con illustre:
Saro qual fui: vivro' com' io son visso,
Continuando il mio sospir trillustre.

Let Surrey's lines be compared with the above:—

A vow to love faithfully, howsoever he be rewarded.

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice;
In temperate heat where he is felt and seen;
In presence prest of people, mad, or wise;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray:
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood,
Thrall, or at large, alive wherso I dwell,
Sick, or in health, in evil fame or good,—
Hens will I be; and only with this thought
Content myself, although my chance be naught.

It will be immediately perceived that the above is a translation of Petrarch's, almost word for word, and that the only substantial difference, which can be called a departure from it, is the turn at the end. The idea of Surrey's Sonnet, the "Description of Spring," commencing,

The soote* season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
is, evidently, derived from this Sonnet of Petrarch's—

Zeffiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena
Ei fiori, e l'erbe, e sua dolce famiglia; &c.

Many other instances of Surrey's imitations of Petrarch might be adduced; but, it is only necessary to take up the Sonnets of Surrey immediately after having read those of Petrarch, while the thoughts and images are present to the memory, and we shall be forcibly struck with the similarity of thought and expression which pervades the former—a

similarity so remarkable and so universal, that the imitation which produces it cannot be mistaken.

C. S.

The Naturalist.

ICHTHYOLOGICAL GLEANINGS.

In some species of fish, (says Mr. Turner,) are always eating, which is not by any means an authenticated fact—and however it may be with some particular classes, or at particular seasons,—the far greater number take less food, and live longer without any ascertainable quantity of it, apparently from choice, than any other tribe of animals we know of. The gold and silver fish in vases seem never to want any food: they are often seen for months without any apparent nourishment. Salmon, although they come in such multitudes from the ocean into the rivers, yet, when opened, are seldom found to have any nutritive substance in the stomach, which is an evidence of their taking none in that period of their existence; for the herrings, when they shoal, are found, on being opened, to have fed largely on the sea-caterpillar during their voyage. The lamprey tribe are small eaters. From facts like these, the intelligent naturalist may be led to inquire, whether the great majority of the finny tribes do not, for the larger part of their existence, content themselves with the nutrition they extract from water alone, without any additional substance.

The rapid growth of some fish, (says Mr. Jesse,) is very extraordinary. I saw three pike taken out of a pond in Staffordshire, belonging to Sir J. C. Jervoise, two of which weighed thirty-six pounds each, and the other thirty-five pounds. The pond was fished every seven years; and supposing that store pike, of six or seven pounds weight were left in it, the growth of the pike in question must have been at the rate of at least four pounds a year. Salmon, however, grow much faster. It is now ascertained that grilse, or young salmon, of from two and a half to three pounds weight, have been sent to the London markets in the month of May, the spawn from which they came having only been deposited in the preceding October or November, and the ova taking three months of the time to quicken. It has also been ascertained by experiment, that a grilse which weighed six pounds in February, after spawning, has, on its return from the sea in September, weighed thirteen pounds; and a salmon-fry of April will, in June, weigh four pounds, and, in August, six pounds.

In the smaller bays surrounded with rock, so common on the coast of Greenland, where the water is always calm, and the bottom generally soft mud and fuci, Admiral Preville Lepley assured M. Lacepede that he

* Sweet

had seen, in the beginning of spring, myriads of mackerel, with their heads sunk some inches in the mud, their tails elevated vertically above its level; and that this mass of fish was such, that at a distance, it might be taken for a reef of rocks. It is supposed that these mackerel had passed the winter torpid under the ice and snow. They were affected with a kind of blindness for fifteen or twenty days after their revival.

The eel, though it lives in an element that seems to place it beyond the reach of atmospheric changes, is yet singularly affected by high winds. This is well known to the inhabitants of Linnithgow, who have an excellent opportunity of observing the habits of this animal in the loch adjoining the town. The stream which flows out of that loch at the west end, passes through a sluice, and falls into an artificial stone reservoir, from which it escapes from a number of holes in the sides and bottom. These holes are too small to let eels of a common size pass, and hence this reservoir answers the purpose of an eel-trap or cruive. The fish are seldom found there in calm weather; but when strong winds blow, especially from the west, numbers of them rush through the outlet, and fall into the reservoir.

To look at an oyster or muscle, (says a recent writer,) one would suppose that it could have no power of moving from one place to another; but, though this power is certainly very limited, yet it exists to some degree in all. The oyster cannot, indeed, well regulate the direction of its locomotion, but by means of successive jerks, caused by the internal movements of the included tethys. The muscle performs its movements by means of a tentaculum, somewhat analogous to a leg, in which there is a canal stretching from one extremity to the other, furnished with a tough, glutinous secretion for spinning the byssus or beard, by which the animal attaches itself to the rocks, stones, or contiguous shells. The ascidia, within the shell, pushes out its leg or tentaculum, and fixes its threads, to the number of 150, or more, to the nearest rock.* When the byssus is eaten by accident along with the muscles, it is supposed to be deleterious; though it is not, we believe, sufficiently ascertained what it is that renders shell-fish occasionally poisonous.

Observations with a microscope have shown that the shell of an oyster is a world occupied by an innumerable quantity of small animals, compared to which the oyster itself is a colossus. The liquid inclosed between the shells of the oyster, contains a multitude of embryos covered with transparent scales, which swim with ease; 120 of these em-

bryos, placed side by side, would not make an inch in breadth. This liquor contains, besides, a great variety of animalculæ, 500 times less in size, which give out a phosphoric light. These are not the only inhabitants of this dwelling; there are also three distinct species of worms.

A short time since, a gentleman at Brighton, discovered in the centre of a chalk stone, a curious kind of fish resembling a muscle, not known in England. In Italy, it is called the stone-eater, and prized as a great delicacy, the taste resembling that of an oyster, but of superior flavour. It is defended by prickly scales, and works its way into the chalk by means of a kind of saw at its head.

The instinct with which the sea-turtle annually visits a favourite breeding spot, (says Mr. Martin,) is very remarkable. The Cayman isles, near Jamaica, are yearly frequented by innumerable shoals of these animals, which cross the ocean from the Bay of Honduras, a distance of 450 miles, without the aid of chart or compass, and with an accuracy superior to the efforts of human skill: and it is affirmed that vessels which have lost their latitude in hazy weather, have steered entirely by the noise of the turtle in swimming. The shore of the Caymans is low and sandy, and, consequently, well adapted to hatch the turtle's eggs; and the rich, submarine pasturage around the islands, affords abundance of nourishing herbage to repair the waste which must ensue, after a female lays 900 eggs.

A short time since, a very curious fish was caught by a fishing boat, and brought into Yarmouth. It was about the size of a large mackerel, fourteen inches long, rather slender in proportion to the length, and of a dark brown colour, with three large fins on the back, and two on the belly. On each side was a glittering, gold-coloured mark from the head to the tail; one fin of the tail being of the colour of the body, the other of a bright yellow; it had black eyes, and a large mouth.

Our ship was followed, (says a recent writer,) from lat. 22° south in the Atlantic, to Valparaiso, by a number of petrels, or Cape pigeons. They were of two kinds, the spotted and the silvery. The first is rather larger than the domestic pigeon, but, from the thickness of its plumage, weighs much less. The feet are three-toed and webbed; the eyes are black; the bill hooked, with one exterior nostril, and the tail short; the breast is beautifully white, and the back, wings and tail spotted black and white; and from that circumstance, Frezier says, the sailors call them damiers or draught-boards. Its motions are graceful. It sails about the stern of vessels at sea, sometimes balancing

* See an Engraving of the Muscle, Mirror, vol. xxii. p. 425.

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itself upon the wing, and again dropping gently to the surface to pick up any crumbs that may have been thrown overboard, and then mounts upon its untiring course. When caught with hook and line trailed over the stern, it is unable to rise from the deck, and attempts to defend itself by ejecting the contents of its stomach, and a pure, yellow oil of a fishy odour. The silver variety is about the same size. The breast is a brilliant white, and the back, wings, and tail, are of a light, leaden hue, but of silvery brightness. In other respects, it does not much differ from the first.

It is well known, (says Mr. Yarrell,) that all the science and tact of a miller is directed so to regulate the machinery of his mill, that the meal produced shall be of the most valuable description that the operation of grinding will permit, when performed under the most advantageous circumstances. His ear is constantly directed to the note made by the running stone in its circular course over the bedstone, the exact parallelism of their two surfaces, indicated by a particular sound, being a matter of the first consequence; and his hand is constantly placed under the meal-spout, to ascertain by actual contact, the character and quality of the meal produced, which he ascertains by a particular movement of his thumb, in spreading the sample over his fingers. By this incessant action of the miller's thumb, a peculiarity in its shape is produced, which is said to resemble exactly the shape of the head of the *river bullhead*, a fish constantly found in the mill-stream, and which has obtained for it the name of the *miller's thumb*.

A short time since, a singular kind of fish was caught in the Tweed, the name of which was unknown to the fishermen. In length it was nearly five feet; its head was immensely large, broader than that of a common bullock, and at a front view, bore no small resemblance to the face of a lion; its mouth was very wide, and the jaws strong, but the teeth comparatively small; the body was round and tapering, but bore no proportion to the size of the head; underneath the head were two large bags by which it breathed; below the breast were two fins resembling hands, or five fingers webbed together; it was without scales, and covered with a skin somewhat of a tortoise-shell colour.

The manati, or sea-cow, (says Mr. Martin,) is from ten to sixteen feet in length, and has a head somewhat like a bullock, with nostrils semilunar, and eyes very small and near the snout; it is without ears in outward appearance, but has two small spiracula situated at the back part of the head; the mouth is large, with soft and protracted lips, fitted for laying hold of the grass or herbage growing near the shore; the neck is short,

and the body is covered with a rough, blackish skin, thinly sprinkled with bristly hair; the belly and sides near the tail are white. From the shoulders protrude two pectoral fins, (the only fins on the animal,) resembling arms, with which it supports itself in the water, and which enable the female to give suck to its young, (of which it bears only one at a time,) which receives it from several porous openings or mammae in the breasts of the animal. The tail is formed like that of the whale. It is not an amphibious animal, never leaving the water, but feeding upon the aquatic plants and shrubs growing on the borders of the rivers and lakes, sometimes elevating its head to munch at the bushes which overhang them. Its flesh is white and delicate, resembling veal in appearance and taste, particularly when dressed; and it will keep good several weeks, even in the hot climate of which it is a native, when other meat will not resist putrefaction for as many days.

A short time since, some fishermen at the mouth of the Dordogne, observed an enormous fish rolling in the distance, but were unable to reach it till it was driven by the wind and tide into shoal water, between Froissac and Libourne, when it was secured, and proved to be a large blower, or rather rare species of whale, weighing 1,100 lbs. Its body was in the form of a cone, with two lateral fins lying very low, and one dorsal fin, curving towards the tail, which was composed of two parts, forming a crescent; above the shoulders was a vent, through which it threw up a jet of water to a prodigious height; it had forty-two teeth, some of which were much worn, and the others long and pointed; the back was deep black, and the belly white, and it was entirely without scales.

W. G. C.

THE ORANG-OUTANG.

The name of Orang-Outang, in Africa, is Rang Otou, which is believed to mean *wild man*. In confirmation of the name signifying *wild man*, the Africans maintain that there are two races, a black and a white, which they consider as in harmony with what takes place in the human species. It is stated by some of the old voyagers, that there was a popular opinion, that the orang-outangs were men, who refused to speak, lest they should be made to work.

W. G. C.

BRITISH MASTIFFS.

The British mastiffs were so famous among the Romans, that their emperors appointed an officer in this island, to train them for the combats of the amphitheatre. Three of these dogs, so trained, were esteemed a match for a bear, and four for a lion. An experiment, however, was made in the Tower

of London, by King James I., from which it appeared that three mastiffs conquered this noble animal. Two of them were disabled in the conflict, but the third forced the lion to seek his safety in flight.*

The British mastiffs were also educated for war, and were employed by the Gauls in their battles.†

A. C. H.

* Stowe's Annals.

† Strabo, lib. iv.

Retrospective Cleanings.

FAITH AND FRIENDSHIP.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—Faith and friendship are seldom truly tried but in extremes. To find friends when we have no need of them, and to want them when we have, are both alike easy and common. In prosperity, who will not profess to love a man: in adversity, how few will show that they do it. When we are happy in the spring-tide of abundance, and the rising flood of plenty, then the world will be our servants: then all men flock about us, with bared heads, with bended bodies, and protesting tongues. But when these pleasing waters fall to ebbing; when wealth but shifteth to another strand: then men look upon us at a distance; and stiffen themselves, as if they were in armour; lest, if they should comply us, they should get a wound in the close. Adversity is like Penelope's night, which undoes all that ever the day did weave. It is a misery that the knowledge of such a blessedness, as a friend is, can hardly be without some sad misfortune. For we can never thoroughly try him, but in some malignant chance: and till we have tried him, our knowledge can be called but by the name of hope. In what a pitiful plight is man, when he can neither be truly happy without a friend, nor yet know him to be a true friend, without his being unhappy. Our fortunes and ourselves are things so closely linked, that we know not which is the cause of the love that we find. When these two shall part, we may then discern to which of them affection will make wing. When they are covered together, we know not which is in pursuit: when they rise and break, we shall then see which is aimed at. I confess he is happy that finds a true friend in extremity; but he is happier that findeth not extremity, wherein to try his friend. Thus, the trial of friendship is by finding what others will do for us. But the trial of faith is by finding what we will do for God. To trust him for estate, when we have the evidences in our iron chest, is easy, and not thankworthy. But to depend upon him for what we cannot see, as it is more hard for man to do, so it is more acceptable to God, if it be done. For, in that act, we make confession of his deity. We know not in the flows of our contented-

ness, what we ourselves are, or how we could neglect ourselves, to follow God commanding us. When we are well, we swear we will not leave him in our greatest sickness; but, when our sickness comes, we forget our vows, and stay. When we meet with blows, that will force us, either to let go our hold of God, or ourselves, then we see to which our souls will cleave the fastest. And of this trial, excellent is the use we may make. If we find our faith upon the test, firm; it will be unto us a perpetual banquet; if we find it dastardly, starting aside, knowing the weakness, we may strive to sinew it with a stronger nerve. So that it ever is, either the assurance of our happiness, or the way whereby we may find it. Without this confidence in a power that is always able to aid us, we wander both in trouble and doubt. Infidelity is the cause of all our woes, the ground of all our sins. Not trusting God, we discontent ourselves with fears and solicitations; and to cure these, we run into prohibited paths. Canst thou think that God will suffer such to want, as with a dutiful endeavour, do depend upon him? It is not usual with man to be so base—a deity be inhuman? Or can he that grasps the unemptied provisions of the world in his hand, be a niggard to his sons, unless he sees it for their good and benefit? Nay, couldst thou that readest this, (whatsoever thou art,) if thou hadst but a Sareptan widow's cruise of gold, couldst thou let a diligent and affectionate servant, that ever waited on thee, want necessities? Couldst thou endure to see him shamed in disgracing rags, nipped to a benumbing with the icy thumbs of winter, complaining for want of sustenance, or neglected in the time of sickness? I appeal to thy inward and more noble acknowledgment; I know thou couldst not. And wilt thou yet imagine thou canst want such things as these, from so unbounded a bounty as his is? Serve him, and but believe, and he will never fail thee, for what is most convenient. O my God! my refuge, my altar, and my soul's anchor; I beg that I may but serve thee, and depend upon thee: I need not beg supply to the other too; thou givest that without asking: thou knowest, for myself, my wishes are not for a vast abundance. If I should wish a plenty, it should be for my friends, not me. I care not to abound in abundance; and I am persuaded I shall never want necessities nor conveniences. Let me find my heart dutiful, and my faith upon trial steadfast; and I am sure these will be ground enough for sufficient happiness while I live here.

W. G. C.

Fine Arts.

SCULPTURE IN WOOD.

(Concluded from page 79.)

ONE of our most celebrated carvers was Grinling Gibbons, a name familiar to our readers, through incidental notices of some of his finest works. Walpole tells us, that so delicate was Gibbons's workmanship, that he carved a pot of flowers, which shook surprisingly in the room with the motion of the coaches passing in the street. "There is some foliage by his hand, in the chapel at Windsor, and in the choir of St. Paul's. He executed the Stoning of St. Stephen, in bas-relief, and the last Supper, in alto-relievo; besides chimney-pieces and picture-frames, where dead game, flowers, and foliage almost deceive the eye into a belief of their reality. His heads of cherubs, and productions of a similar nature, possess a sweetness of expression, and an angelic loveliness, which, as long as they exist, will render them the admiration of all lovers of ideal beauty. There are some charming productions of his in different churches of the metropolis, particularly in St. Paul's cathedral; in St. James's church, Westminster; in Allhallows, Bread-street; at Windsor, and Kensington; and in a variety of other ecclesiastical and palatial residences. The Archbishop's throne in Canterbury cathedral, and the decorations of Petworth House, Chataworth, Southwick, and Houghton, are evidences of his taste and genius as a sculptor in wood. Lord Camden's monument at Exton; the base of Charles the First's statue, at Charing Cross; and that of James the Second, at the back of Whitehall Chapel; are specimens of his ability as a statuary." Gibbons died in 1702. He may be considered the last of our native sculptors in wood, whose works deserve an European reputation; but, even to the present day, many ingenious men are to be found, whose efforts in the same art would throw no discredit on its most esteemed age.

In France, the taste for carving was liberally patronized during the reign of Louis XIV.—that age of florid design. Specimens may be seen in the cities, and in the retired chateaux of the provinces. The choir of *Les Celestins*, in Paris, is one among many examples in the metropolis. The walnut-tree gate of the cathedral of Aix, is another fine specimen; as are also the interiors of the Sainte Chapelle and of the Château at Vincennes. The old houses in the venerable city of Rouen are enriched with many fine carvings, especially chimney-pieces. There have lately been imported into this country, from France, a series of admirable bas-reliefs from Le Brun's pictures of the Triumphs of Alexander the Great;

and some admirable carvings of the time of Louis XIII., XIV., and XV., illustrated with the designs of Guido.

In Spain and Portugal, and other countries of Europe, carvings in point of workmanship equally admirable, are still to be met with. But, in Italy, sculpture in wood has gained the highest excellence, from the generous encouragement its professors received from the Church of Rome. The choir of the *Campanello del Duomo*, designed and executed in wood by Brunelleschi, in the fifteenth century, has been spoken of as a splendid specimen of art: it has been removed for a marble choir, and, unfortunately, Brunelleschi's work cannot be traced. Among the early efforts of the illustrious Michael Angelo, was a crucifix in wood, rather less than the natural size. He also designed many models in wood, among which was a richly ornamented cornice for the Farnese Palace. In 1414 or 1415, Jacobi Tatti, called Sansovino, decorated the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, in Florence, with a false façade in wood, in which were figures representing the Apostles, and bas-reliefs, in a style that created very general admiration.

Venice has produced many illustrious sculptors in wood, particularly in the sixteenth century. One of the finest specimens of Italian carving is the celebrated Crucifixion by Donatello, which adorned one of the chapels in the church of Santa Croci, Florence. The carvings of Giovanni Barile, of the same period, adorn the Vatican, and possess the extraordinary recommendation of having been designed by Raffaello. Rocco Pennone, a Lombard, enlarged the palace of the Doge of Genoa, about the middle of the seventeenth century; in which the saloon of the great council was covered with a soffite of wood, richly ornamented with sculpture and gilding. In Genoa will be found many other fine specimens; as also in the cities of Bologna and Pisa, the cathedral and other edifices in Milan, and many in Rome.

But a Venetian artist, of still higher merit, remains to be named. This was Andrea Brustolini, who is supposed to have flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century. His noblest works are five-and-twenty statues of the Protestant reformers, rather larger than life, and designed to support a sort of heavy buttress, around the library of the church dedicated to St. John and St. Paul, at Venice. Of these statues, and all that could be collected of the history of their sculptor, Mr. Williams gives a succinct account: they have been for some time past exhibiting in Old Bond-street, whither, we are happy to learn, their magnificence has attracted the most distinguished patrons of art in this country. In the same apartment with the statues are some bas-

reliefs, also executed by Brustolini, representing the Miracles of Our Saviour, that evince a remarkable degree of graceful expression.

Appended to Mr. Williams's clever sketch are additional proofs of the great antiquity of the Art of Sculpture in Wood. Lastly, the Author announces for speedy publication, his larger work on the Art, in quarto, with engravings of the most celebrated specimens in England and the Continent. We can only add that the brief sketch we have just noticed is an assurance of Mr. Williams's ample qualifications for a more extensive and elaborate work on the same subject; in which he has our most cordial wishes for his success, and a promise of early cognizance of his future, tasteful labours.

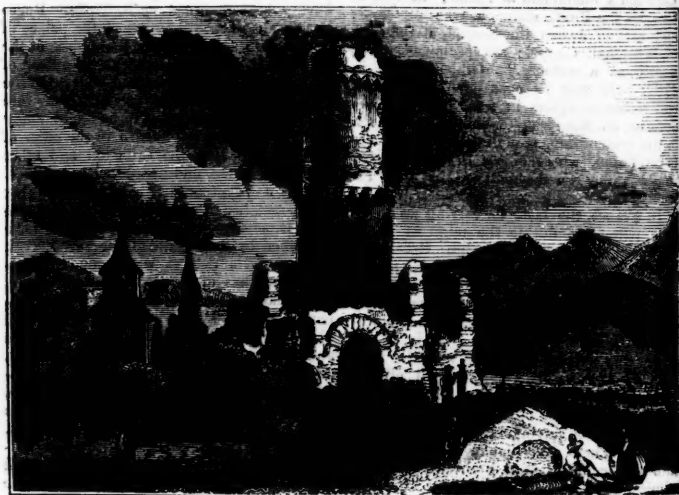
Contemporary Traveller.

GODESBERG CASTLE, ON THE RHINE.

LEAVING Cologne, upon the Rhine voyage, there is nothing particularly striking in the appearance of the country, which is rather level. But the Rhine itself, sweeping along in its broad, clear course, is a noble sight. Stemming the current of its bright, blue waters, you may watch the receding steeples of Cologne, until a bend in the river's course shuts out the city from view. After another sudden turn in the Rhine, the striking objects which arrest the attention are the tops of seven high mountains, marking afar off the river's course. The

first town of any importance is Bonn, which is built on a declivity, down to the water's edge. The crowd of blueish, slated roofs, contrasted with the clean, white appearance of the houses, forms an interesting object in the distance; and, owing to the river's widened course in the front of the town, the whole view improves as you advance. The country is no longer poor and naked: fertile meadows, interspersed with shady trees, with villages and detached habitations, scattered along the banks, give an air of cheerfulness to the whole scene. In short, here the beauties of the Rhine commence.

A short distance above Bonn, is the little village of Godesberg, at the base of a mountain from which it derives its name. Here rises the spring of Draitsch, celebrated among the mineral waters of the Rhine banks. On the crest of Godesberg mountain are the ruins of the ancient castle, and of the chapel of St. Michael,—represented in the above Engraving. The name of Godesberg, Gottesberg, or Godshill, is by some writers, assigned as the original *Ara Ubiorum*; while by others it is deduced from the erection of a temple here, dedicated to Wodan, or Mercury: but this etymology is so far controverted, that Wodan was not worshipped in temples; and those sacred to Mercury were seldom, if ever placed on mountains. The more probable origin is Goding, or Gangericht, a court of justice which held its sittings openly, during the middle ages. The traditionary account is, that in remoter times, a foreign king with a mighty train of fol-



(Godesberg Castle.)

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lowers, arrived in the neighbourhood; and, that the royal chieftain was in league with the spirits of darkness, to whom on this mountain he raised a temple, in which human sacrifices were made. Through the power of the demons, he tyrannized over this portion of the Rhine, until the arrival of a Christian priest, whose holy supremacy the unhallowed imps were not able to withstand; and the country was, consequently, relieved from their odious thralldom.

In this fiction, is easily traced the subjugation of these parts by the Emperor Julian the Apostate, who was here encamped for some time, and probably constructed a temple or castle. The conversion that had been wrought among the Ubii having spread, and Julian removing his forces from the district, the inhabitants in after times built on this mountain a chapel dedicated to St. Michael.

In 1210, Archbishop Theodoric, out of the remains, built also a castle, portions of which still present vestiges of Roman architecture. In the course of the Thirty Years' War, which gave rise to the conversion of Archbishop Gebhard, Elector of Cologne, to Protestantism, and his marriage with the lovely Countess of Mansfeld, he placed here a Dutch garrison. The troops of the Bishop Ernest, of the House of Bavaria, who succeeded to the Electorship after Bishop Gebhard's expulsion for apostacy, blew up the castle.

From this point you enjoy an extensive prospect, in which are the irregular heights of the Seven Mountains—a cluster of rock-like elevations whose wild heads, brown with forest, tower one above the other. Among these,

The castled Craig of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wild and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bears the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowding these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me!*

"The Craig of Drachenfels, not the highest, but the most striking, of the Seven Mountains, rises perpendicularly from the river in barren rocky majesty. The grey ruin on its summit might be mistaken for a shapeless pile of rock. The mountain of Wolkenburg or Castle of the Clouds appears just behind; and the Stromberg, with its round head, out of which peeps the belfry of a little chapel, rises on the right near the river. Behind them you distinguish the heads of the Lowenberg, the Nieder Stromberg, the Oelberg, and the Hemmerich. The Lowenberg, (Lion's Mountain,) which is the highest of the seven, is about 1,896 feet in height. The remains of castles are visible

on all, sometimes almost buried in the thick brushwood, the only vegetation they bear. Several of the castles are said to have been erected by the Emperor Valentinian, in the fourth century; and the Emperor Henry V. is charged with burning those of Wolkenburg, Drachenfels, and others. The chapel of St. Peter, on the Stromberg, was built by Didier of Schwartzeneck, a valiant knight of the neighbourhood, in performance of one of those pious vows so often made by crusaders in Palestine, to be executed on a safe return to Europe."†

With what topographical accuracy, the scenery of this romantic region is depicted in British poetry, let the master-mind of Byron tell:

true Wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the cranning wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are bloodless dust ere now.
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have?
But history's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full
as brave.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allid.
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.
But Thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such to me,
Even now what wants thy stream?—that it should
Lethe be.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd away,
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks;
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream,
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray;
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they
seem.

* Child's Harold, canto iv.

† An Autumn near the Rhine.

Adieu to thee again ! a vain adieu !
 There can be no farewell to scene like thine ;
 The mind is colour'd by thy every hue ;
 And if reluctantly the eyes resign
 Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine !
 'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise ;
 More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
 But none unite in one attaching maze
 The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days,
 The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
 Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
 The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
 The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
 The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
 In mockery of man's art ; and these withal
 A race of faces happy as the scene,
 Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
 Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires
 near them fall.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
 The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And thronged Eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !
 All that expands the spirit yet appals,
 Gather around these summits, as to show
 How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain
 man below.

About a league higher up than Godesberg,
 on the opposite bank of the river, is the
 small town of Königswinter, where com-
 mences what is called the Valley of the
 Rhine. Tourists report this to be a delight-
 ful place to remain at ; there being good
 society and excellent hotels, with five francs
 per day board and lodging, "barring" the
 wine.

The Sketch Book.

HIGH LIFE IN FRANCE.

[We quote the following scene from Lady Blessington's last and cleverest novel—*The Two Friends*, which certainly contains the finest picture of French life that we ever met with. Our attention was pointed to it by the last *Quarterly Review*, the writer considering the latter portion of the extract to be one of the best descriptions of a dinner on record ; though we equally admire all that precedes it. It is not important to explain the situation of the persons in this scene, further than to observe that Cecile had been naturalized in England, and has, therefore, little *gout* for French comfort.]

The Hotel de Bethune, in the Rue de Varennes, Faubourg St. Germaine, is one of the most vast in Paris ; situated *entre cour et jardin*, it presents a splendid façade, and the extent of its numerous suites of apartments, with the painted ceilings, and gilt cornices and architraves, remind the beholder of the former grandeur of the proprietors of this palace. But, alas ! time and revolutionary violence, had touched the pile externally and internally, with ungentle hands ; and if enough ornament remains to remind the gazer of past wealth and grandeur, the dila-

pations, which on every side meet the eye, bear witness of present poverty.

Cecile sighed as she contrasted this gloomy residence of fallen greatness, with the orderly and comfortable mansions of her dear, adopted country ; and when her father called on her to admire the vast extent of the rooms, and the carving and gilding which decorated them, remarking how superior they were to the small houses, and mesquin ornaments of the petits salons in England, she listened in silence to his praises of France, and all that was French, heartily wishing herself back in the country, to which he was so little inclined to do justice.

The pride and the finances of the Comte de Bethune, were little in accord with each other ; while the first flourished with a luxuriance worthy of the feudal times, the second hardly enabled him to occupy one wing of the hotel of his ancestors, and he preferred having the rest of the vast mansion empty, and falling daily to decay, to letting a portion of it to any of the many respectable persons, who proposed to become his tenants.

As the old Swiss porter threw back the porte cochere, to give them entrance, and removed his bonnet de coton, with an air in which curiosity mingled with respect, Cecile could almost fancy she was entering some ruined chateau a la Radcliffe, and as the wheels rattled over the pavement, overgrown with grass and herbs, she felt almost like a prisoner, about to enter his dungeon. Having ascended the peristyle, over the massive door of which, the arms of De Bethune shone in all the splendour of blazonry, being the only mark of reparation visible to the eye, they passed through the *salle d'entrée*, the tessellated marble pavement of which, returned the sound of their footsteps in hollow reverberations. The domestics came forward to welcome them more cordially, but much less respectfully, than English servants receive their employers, and Cecile was surprised at the familiarity with which they treated her haughty father.

The establishment consisted of a superannuated *maitre d'hôtel* ; a *femme de charge*, the tremulous movement of whose head and hands, bore evidence of the years she had numbered ; a slipper-shod damsel, with a silk kerchief, tastefully twisted round her head, who was the aid and élève of the *femme de charge* ; and a young man, with top-boots, and a tarnished livery, who acted in the double capacity of footman and groom. The cook brought up the rear ; he was a contemporary of the *maitre d'hôtel* and *femme de charge*, and all three seemed nearly coeval with the hotel ; his bonnet de coton, and apron, were of a less pure white than could be desired ; his coteau was conspicuous at his ceinture, and his fingers and nostrils betrayed their frequent contact with

snuff, in so evident a manner, as to be no less disgusting to the palates of those who might be condemned to partake of his plats than injurious to his own.

Madame le Moine examined Cecile through her spectacles, and pronounced her the image of her grandmother, except that her nose was not retroussé, her mouth beaucoup plus petite, and her eyes plus grands, and that she had not les cheveux dorés of madame la Comtesse!

The comte listened with complacency, while Cecile at that moment, contemplated the portrait of her grandmother, as pointed out by Le Moine, and observing the red hair, upturned nose, large mouth, and squinting eyes, which rendered it an extraordinary specimen of ugliness, was tempted to laugh at the compliment.

The ante-room was graced with a large stove, which served the double capacity of table and cupboard; on it, were placed sundry brushes, a cork-screw, some cigars, and a large lump of bees-wax, which the frotteur had left there, and which the heat had sent in streams over the brushes, &c. An old, lame parrot, who screamed most loudly from his cage, and a few straight-backed chairs, completed the ensemble of this chamber of all works, which led to the grand suite of apartments. The salons, with their vast and dingy mirrors, which might be said to give only sombre reflections; the faded velvet, and damask hangings of the walls, the discoloured girandoles and lustres, the carved gilt sofas and fauteuils, and the cumbrous screens, formed a dreary picture, in which the sylph-like form of the beautiful Cecile, seemed to pass like a sunbeam through the grate of a prison, rendering the gloom of all around still more visible.

"Ah, Dieu Mercie! I am once more chez moi," exclaimed the Comte de Bethune, as throwing himself into a large bergere, he looked complacently around him; a cloud of dust arose from the long unbrushed cushions of the bergere that nearly enveloped him, but which interrupted not his self-congratulations. "I can now breathe freely in these spacious and lofty salons, and am not half suffocated by the smell of that abominable coal, which the English seem to like so much."

While commenting on the coals, a large, damp trunk of a tree was smouldering on the bronze dogs, in the open chimney, sending forth more smoke than heat, and emitting an odour that Cecile would gladly have exchanged for the worst coal that England could produce, while the smoke brought tears to her eyes.

"One really never knows the value of this country," continued the comte, "until one has been out of it, and France never appeared so delightful to me, as now that I compare its agréments with those of England."

A suppressed sigh from Cecile, was the only answer; and after reposing himself for a few minutes in the bergere, in which he had intrenched himself, and from which he rose covered with the accumulated dust of months, the comte conducted his daughter to her chambre à coucher.

The faded splendour of this apartment was in perfect keeping with the salons; pale, blue velvet lined the panels, bearing scarcely a vestige of their original celestial hue, and the mouldings which incased them, representing groups of Cupids sporting among flowers, were nearly black, instead of wearing their once bright golden lustre. The lofty mirrors, from which much of the quicksilver had retreated, showed a thousand fantastic figures; and the high canopied bed, crowned with its coronet and plumes, now nearly black, from the accumulation of damp and dust, bore striking proofs of the power of time and neglect.

This chamber, which, like all the others occupied by the comte, opened on a marble terrace, that descended to what had once been a garden, but which now presented a vast wilderness of decayed trees, stunted shrubs, and flowers running wild, with scattered patches of vegetables, cultivated by the porter, to amuse his leisure hours, and improve his pot au feu.

The look of desolation and discomfort, which her chamber presented, struck a chill to the feelings of Cecile; and when Madame le Moine told her, that *she* was to have the honour of assisting at her toilette, Cecile thought, with a sigh of regret, of the neat bed-rooms and comfortable dressing-rooms she had hitherto been accustomed to, as well as of the intelligent and active femme de chambre, who had waited on her from infancy.

Her father told her, that she must appear in an elegant demi-toilette, as he should take her to pay one or two visits in the evening; and having left her to prepare for dinner, she despatched the momentous affair of dressing, as quickly as she could, giving as little trouble to her aged assistant as possible, whose hands being left nearly unemployed, her tongue was more at liberty to enjoy that bavardage in which French servants are so fond of indulging.

She congratulated mademoiselle on the happiness of being at length restored to her native country; pitied her for the many years she had been condemned to live out of it; and rejoiced that *she* had never been doomed to quit her *chère patrie*, *la belle France*, which not even the terrible Revolution could make her abandon.

The respectful deference of English servants towards their employers, had not prepared Cecile for the familiarity of Madame le Moine, which she received with a cold

civility, that sent that old dame to complain to the maitre d'hôtel, and cuisinier, that mademoiselle was *une véritable Anglaise*, proud, cold, and formal.

The Comte de Bethune lamented, when his daughter made her appearance, that there had not been time to get her a chapeau from Herbault, and a robe from Victorine, as she was scarcely presentable, he observed, in her toilette a l'Anglaise; but he promised to ask Madame la Duchesse de Montcalm, to order what was necessary for her, as it was of the utmost importance that she should be *bien mise* to win the suffrages of her Parisian connexions. The importance he attached to her dress, impressed Cecile with the truth of all she had ever heard, of the légèreté and frivolity of most of the individuals of the nation, to which her father belonged; and a smile almost betrayed her thoughts, of which, if he observed it, luckily, a summons to dinner prevented his demanding the cause.

Her father led her to the salle-à-manger, with a gravity and ceremony, which, however it might mark his respect for her, was little calculated to excite either her cordiality or cheerfulness.

This apartment, like the rest of the suite, was vast and lofty; the walls were stuccoed to imitate jaune antique marble, and a fountain at each side of the buffet, with large lions' heads, which had now forgotten to pour their accustomed tribute of water, but which still continued, with distended jaws, to grin at the spectators, added to the cold aspect of this nearly deserted banquet-hall. A small table, of two covers, occupied the centre; and the maitre d'hôtel, and valet de pied, were ranged in due order.

Unlike the generality of heroines, who are supposed, or stated to be, superior to the infirmities of humanity, Cecile really felt hungry; and, though certain reminiscences of the cook's propensity to snuff, did cross her mind, her appetite compelled her to eat. The soup de vermicelle clair, was guiltless of any taste, save of the tepid water of which it was composed; the vol au vent, à la financière, was filled wholly with cretes de coq; and the friture de poulet, peeping out from a wilderness of fried parsley, looked so flaccid instead of being crisp, that she could not venture to taste it. The fricandeau à l'oseil, was equally untempting; and Cecile saw the first course, to which her father did ample justice, disappear, leaving her appetite unsatisfied.

The second service presented three roasted thrushes, enveloped in covers of bacon, and surrounded by a forest of water-cresses; cardons à la moëlle de bœuf, half cold, and des œufs à la neige, resembling soap-suds much more than snow, with omelette sucré, and petits pains à la duchesse.

To eat a thrush, Cecile felt would be impossible, as they, of all the tuneful, feathered

choir, were her especial favourites, from the tameness with which they hopped near the window of her dear home. Gladly would our poor heroine have hailed the appearance of a plain cutlet of mutton, a wing of a chicken, boiled or roast, or, in short, of any simple viand, to allay the pangs of hunger which really assailed her; but the plats before her, bore such evident marks of having occupied the fingers of the old artiste de cuisine, that she turned with loathing from them; and while eating a morsel of bread, was forced to listen to the praises, which her father lavished on each dish, and his self-congratulations at having escaped from la cuisine Anglaise. Bechamel, his cook, he pronounced to be "un véritable artiste de l'ancien régime," of which so few (and, judging from this specimen, Cecile thought, luckily,) remains; for the comte declared, that the influx of the English, Russians, and Germans, had destroyed the modern cuisine in France, by introducing their barbarous national dishes, and strong sauces.

The Public Journals.

CONFESSIONS OF A MANSAYER.

(From the Constitutional Magazine, No. 1.)

THIRTY years ago I entered on the busy stage of life with the most brilliant prospects. I had strong passions, and with a fortune far beyond my most extravagant wants, I rushed into the arena of dissipation—the champion of my own destruction. The glory that could be obtained in such a field I soon acquired, and I built my temple of fame within the sanctuary of marriage—a hideous compound of lust and treachery. I was the *roué* of the time,—envied, flattered, and caressed, for trampling upon and crushing the best and purest feelings of human nature. The young, the beautiful, and the noble, were my victims; and with Satanic pride I went on triumphing, scattering poison and blight along my path. And for this was I courted—for this was I idolized—till my heart was hardened, and my sensibilities deadened and lost. But my throne was not one of roses:—husbands with ruined hopes, brothers with burning brows, sought me out, and more than once I narrowly escaped destruction. The tide at length turned—it was fashionable to be virtuous; and with a shattered fortune and impaired constitution, though still admitted within the circle, I was considered dangerous.

Thus repudiated by my late vassals, my eager and impetuous temper drove me to the gaming-table. My discretion was no match for the skill and coolness of my adversaries, and in a brief period I was on the verge of ruin. In conjunction with some others, of equal or higher rank than myself, a desperate effort was made to retrieve ourselves: it

was unsuccessful; and my own madness and imprudence having rendered me the *ame damnée* of the set, I was compelled, in order to escape an ignominious exposure, to leave England.

I embarked for India with a mind torn by conflicting passions. I found myself at the age of twenty-five an outcast and almost a beggar;—a noble property squandered, an honourable name disgraced, without a single reflection which could console me, or having performed one solitary action on which I could look back without bringing a blush on my cheek. I repented, if bitter disappointment can be called repentance. I vowed reformation, if a burning desire to build up the fabric of my dilapidated fortunes, and to be revenged upon the wretches who had thus driven me forth, be entitled to the name of reformation. Talents which had been neglected, energies which had been misapplied, were again called into requisition; and during a tedious voyage, I devoted myself with intense application to be fitted for playing an important part in the country to which I was proceeding.

By the influence of those who had expatriated me, a civil appointment had been procured, which rendered my residence necessary for a time in a remote district, at the court of one of the petty subsidiary sovereigns—the imbecile successors of those fierce conquerors who have from time to time ravaged Hindostan, and founded dynasties cemented by blood and plunder. This was a severe blow: it removed me from the seats of government, where alone my capabilities could have served me. With a frame enervated by the glorious yet unbearable climate, and by a serious attack of jungle fever, I arrived at my destination; and here commences the story of crime. It is true that my whole course of life, after attaining manhood, had been criminal—but it was a criminality supported by the usages of society, and amenable to no law but that of opinion. I had erred, but the error had been sanctioned by the only tribunal whose power I acknowledged. I had sinned, but the sin had brought neither shame nor disgrace; nor did it then torture me with the consciousness of having committed any moral wrong.

Three years—three miserable years, passed over my head in a sort of living death. I was shut out from the world, whilst a passionate desire was daily growing up within me for the society of my fellows. The servile slaves that surrounded me, the wretched man and his more wretched nobles whom I was condemned to watch over, grew insufferably hateful; the dreary monotony of my existence was the most galling slavery to my active temper; my passions had no outlet, and became my worst tormentors; my golden schemes seemed more remote than ever from

realization. I had petitioned for my removal for more active occupation, and, in the mockery of power, had been told that my presence was too valuable in the position I then held to be dispensed with. My proud spirit revolted at the idea of perishing in this hated spot—at dragging the chain of blighted hope, of crushed ambition for years—at wasting the meridian of my days in oppressive vacuity; and I eagerly looked abroad for some means, however desperate, for effecting a change in my condition. To have deserted my post would have been an act of madness; I was in the very heart of Hindostan,—a stranger amidst millions, and must have rambled for months as a mendicant fakir, or perished under the swords or spears of the bands of robbers that traversed the Continent, or been devoured by the wild beasts that swarmed in every jungle and forest. I cursed the tropical sun, whose rays were ever beating upon me—I cursed the teeming earth that sent up the prodigality of its riches around me, and yearned—oh, God! with what intensity,—for the sight of the cool groves and cottages of England.

About half a mile from the Palace I inhabited was a narrow and secluded glen of the most exquisite and picturesque loveliness. For some months after my arrival, and before my growing impatience had rendered everything hateful to me, it had been my favourite walk. A small stream ran through it, supplied by copious springs sanctified in the eyes of the natives by some event, the memory of which had alone been preserved by oral tradition. An immense banian-tree afforded delicious shelter; and the rich green sward, the silk-cotton tree, and the Decanee bean, with its black stems and crimson and scarlet blossoms, when glowing beneath the setting sun, had an effect inconceivably splendid. Hour after hour did I sit watching the antics of the Entellus and Wanderoo monkeys, sporting in a group of mango and tamarind trees; or, stretched at length on the borders of the tank, pleased myself with the motions of the gorgeous water-lilies, as they moved upon its surface, while the bulbul was singing its vesper-song perched on the summit of a betel-nut tree, and the living drapery of magnificent bindweeds were becoming studded with flower-gems, which appeared as the first stars of night twinkled in the deep-blue heaven. Why do I recall such a scene of loveliness? Is it not present now before my aching vision? and was it not here that my evil passions made me a murderer?

At the extremity of this glen, its walls washed by the sacred springs and partly surrounded by them, and in the midst of a mango-tope, stood a Jain temple of peculiar holiness. Hither, at stated periods, resorted pilgrims from the most remote parts of western

India, bringing rich offerings, to perform their peculiar rites. At other times, a few attendant priests were alone to be found in its vicinity. The chief of these was Amoorah, a venerable man, of simple and pure manners, and of noble piety, though he bowed down before a senseless idol. He was universally beloved, and by his sect viewed as a saint; and no man, whether Christian or Hindoo, ever deserved the character more justly. I admired his mild dignity and his unbounded benevolence, and had more than once served him essentially in his disputes with the needy and base-minded prince who had the nominal sovereignty of the district. A degree of confidence and friendly feeling had grown up between us, and few days elapsed that I did not see and converse with the wise and amiable Amoorah. The prejudice of caste wore away, and I was admitted privately into the very sanctum of the temple. Its gloom, its massy and pillared walls covered with ancient sculpture, and the strangely deformed image, the object of worship, interested me for a time. But the change came over my spirits, and I visited him less frequently. For this he remonstrated, and kindly urged me to come more frequently; and, after repeated solicitations, I one day again entered the lovely valley. Its natural beauties were unchanged, but I passed them unheeded, and once more stood within the gloom, and before the idol of the Jain temple. It was rudely fashioned in the form of a gigantic woman, and was of massy gold, with diamonds of immense value for eyes, and pendants at its ears. I gazed upon it with a sardonic grin—it was an idol that would have been worshipped in any nation—when suddenly the idea shot into my mind that I could despoil it of its ornaments. I trembled as this flashed through my brain like lightning; and, hastily retiring, brooded over the newly-awakened thought. Base and ignoble as it was, it took exclusive possession of my mind. Day after day I returned to the temple;—sophistry came to my aid. I reasoned myself into the belief that the appropriation of this now useless wealth would be an act that could injure no man, and that it would at once replace me in a rank of which I deemed myself unjustly deprived. Fool, fool, and worse than fool! I was ignorant that one deed of direct wrong is the gateway to the deepest crime.

The time came—the moment was favourable. With the wary consideration of a practised thief, I took precautions. My rank and my situation would place me above all suspicion: a band of predatory freebooters had been committing depredations in the neighbourhood, and I seized upon the opportunity. The attendants on the temple were engaged at a village festival; and, walking out armed with a light boar-spear, I reached

the quiet mango-tope. Not a human being was in sight; and, pushing open Amoorah's private door, I stood before the idol. I shook like a frightened child, and for a moment was irresolute; but the genius of evil is ever present, and I dislodged the diamonds with the point of my spear. Whilst hastily securing them, I was alarmed by a slight noise; and, looking around me, I saw Amoorah's daughter gazing upon me with a look of horror. I trembled violently,—I would have fled; but fled whither? I was too confused, too hurried for consideration, and, in my desperation, I threw my boar-spear at the beautiful and unoffending girl, and she fell mortally wounded. One long and piercing shriek re-echoed through the gloomy temple. I was in an agony of terror, but my spear must be secured. I rushed to the bleeding object of my dastardly vengeance, and, snatching the weapon, turned to flee away. My evil genius was, however, too busily at work; and hardly had I succeeded in freeing my spear, when the venerable and hoary-headed Amoorah, roused by the shriek of his child, entered the doorway. I would have given a million of worlds to have been guiltless of my first crime, but there lay the bleeding evidence; and roused to madness by my situation, and forgetful of all but self, I rushed upon the old man, and added another stain to the deep one that was already on my soul.

My diabolical errand being thus effected, I left the desecrated temple, and regained my own home unobserved. The deed of violence was soon known, and suspicion fell upon the roving bands which were known to be in the neighbourhood. I placed myself at the head of the forces that were burning with desire to avenge the death of the patriarch of his people. Our search was successful: more than one band of marauders was annihilated; and as we bore back the bloody trophies of our labours, I was hailed as the avenger of Amoorah.

Years have flown over my head—I was again wealthy—my diamonds were worth the ransom of princes, and I again mingled with that world, the burning desire to revisit which had been my great temptation. But I came not alone—Amoorah and his child were my guests and constant companions. Sleeping or waking, in solitude or in society, the Hindoo girl and her venerable father were with me. I should have perished by my own hand long ago, had it not been for the damning conviction that death would bring me no respite,—that I should exchange one mode of suffering only for another—that my fate was sealed here and hereafter. I sinned, and I am punished. The dead have been my companions, and eternal misery is my portion.

By M.
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Anecdote Gallery.

"TOO LATE FOR DINNER."

By M. Brillat-Savarin, in *Le Physiologie de Goût*.

Of all the qualities of a cook, the most indispensable is punctuality.—I shall support this grave maxim by the details of an observation made in a party of which I was one—*quorum pars magna fui*—and where the pleasure of observing saved me from the extremes of wretchedness.

I was one day invited to dine with a high public functionary; and at the appointed moment, half-past five, every body had arrived, for it was known that he liked punctuality, and sometimes scolded the dilatory. I was struck on my arrival by the air of consternation that reigned in the assembly; they spoke aside, they looked into the courtyard; some faces announced stupefaction: something extraordinary had certainly come to pass. I approached one of the party whom I judged most capable of satisfying my curiosity, and inquired what had happened. "Alas!" replied he, with an accent of the deepest sorrow, "Monseigneur has been sent for to the Council of State; he has just set out, and who knows when he will return!" "Is that all?" I answered, with an air of indifference which was alien from my heart; "that is a matter of a quarter of an hour at the most: some information which they require; it is known that there is an official dinner here to-day—they can have no motive for making us fast." I spoke thus, but at the bottom of my soul I was not without inquietude, and I would fain have been somewhere else. The first hour passed pretty well; the guests sat down by those with whom they had interests in common, exhausted the topics of the day, and amused themselves in conjecturing the cause which had carried off our dear Amphytrion to the Tuileries. By the second hour some symptoms of impatience began to be observable; we looked at one another with distrust; and the first to murmur were three or four of the party who, not having found room to sit down, were by no means in a convenient position for waiting. At the third hour, the discontent became general, and every body complained. "When will he come back?" said one. "What can he be thinking of?" said another. "It is enough to give one one's death," said a third. By the fourth hour, all the symptoms were aggravated; and I was not listened to when I ventured to say, that he whose absence rendered us so miserable was beyond a doubt the most miserable of all. Attention was distracted for a moment by an apparition. One of the party, better acquainted with the house than the others, penetrated to the kitchen; he returned quite overcome; his face announced the end of the

world; and he exclaimed in a voice hardly articulate, and in that muffled tone which expresses at the same time the fear of making a noise and the desire of being heard: "Monseigneur set out without giving orders; and, however long his absence, dinner will not be served till his return." He spoke, and the alarm occasioned by his speech will not be surpassed by the effect of the trumpet on the day of judgment. Amongst all these martyrs, the most wretched was the good D'Aigrefeuille,* who is known to all Paris; his body was all over suffering, and the agony of Laocoon was in his face. Pale, distracted, seeing nothing, he sat crouched upon an easy chair, crossed his little hands upon his large belly, and closed his eyes, not to sleep, but to wait the approach of death. Death, however, came not. Towards ten, a carriage was heard rolling into the court; the whole party sprang spontaneously to their legs. Hilarity succeeded to sadness; and in five minutes we were at table. But, alas! the hour of appetite was past! All had the air of being surprised at beginning dinner at so late an hour; the jaws had not that isochronous (*isochrone*) movement which announces a regular work; and I know that many guests were seriously inconvenienced by the delay.

* The friend and principal gastronomic aide-de-camp of Cambacères.

The Gatherer.

Rationale of Gaming.—For the rich to stake thousands on the chance of winning, and the poor to risk as much on a similar hazard, but with the advantage of being unable to pay, is a common, every-night occurrence in the gilded saloons of St. James's street; but to know *how* to calculate the odds, when to back a caster, *in* or *out*, requires that peculiar worldly wisdom, which can only be gained by a frequent attendance at a place that may not be named to "ears polite," and where, contrary to the old, received opinion, the presence of its nightly visitors, at all the places of fashionable resort, proves that there is a redemption.—*Lady Blessington*.

Death.—That confidence in the possibility of the duration of earthly enjoyment, which is in itself happiness, has fled for ever, when we have bent over the cold remains of one we loved; for then comes the reflection, that so may perish every tie that binds us to life; and the mysterious chain by which memory links us to the loved dead, awakening thoughts which they once shared, precludes our forgetting that the flowers of earth only shade the graves that yawn beneath them.—*Ibid.*

Camel-riding.—The Arab mounts his camel, by pulling down his head, placing his knee on his neck, and allowing the animal to raise him on its back.

An electric eel was lately caught by some fishermen on the French coast.

Vesuvius is still inwardly convulsed, and thick clouds of smoke cover the mountain-top, the vapour of which is so prejudicial to the vines in the neighbourhood that the government has remitted the taxes of the growers.—*Paris Advertiser*, July 26.

New Comet.—The journal of the two Sicilies, of June 10, states that Sr. Bogalowski, director of the Royal Observatory at Breslaw, discovered a new telescopic comet on the 20th of April, in the constellation Patera.—*Ibid.*

A woman in humble life was asked one day on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon; "Wud I hae the presumption?" was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her; she had done her duty, as well as she could, in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically; or who had turned to the text in their Bibles, when it was given out.

"Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homeward after service, with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant; "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church!" "Aye, sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week; and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."

Annotation.—Here is a specimen of the endless annotation of such a work as Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, in which the Editor may almost hang a note on every line. The passage in the text is as follows, in Johnson's French Tour; "The colosseum,* a mere wooden building, at least much of it." Upon this, Mr. Croker notes: "This building, which stood in the Faubourg St. Honoré, was a kind of Ranelagh." Now, surely the word Ranelagh requires a note; for the place existed but a few years, and may not have been heard of by Londoners under thirty years of age; while we are at a loss to guess what a countryman of sixty may know of the name.

The Colosseum.—The present round of amusements at the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park, is directly from the French; about sixty-six years since, or in 1769, when a splendid edifice called *Le Colisée*, was erected in the *Champs Elysées*, at Paris, to

give fêtes in honour of the marriage of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI. Here were dances, hydraulics, pyrotechnics, &c.; though the building was not on the plan of the Pantheon, as ours in the Regent's Park, but resembled the famed Coliseum at Rome. The proprietors failed, but the French Government assisted them; and the edifice was opened in an unfinished state. There were in it saloons, a rotunda, and many circular galleries. The diameter of the grand saloon was 78 feet, and its height 80; adjoining were trellis-work apartments, galleries skirted with shops, and four *cafés*. In the centre of another large room called *Le Cirque*, was a vast basin of water, with fountains, &c.; beyond which fireworks were discharged. The outside of the whole edifice was completely covered with green trellis-work, the gardens surrounding it were fastefully laid out, and the entire space occupied by the buildings, courts, and gardens, was sixteen acres. The expense of the whole establishment was 2,675,000 livres, or nearly two millions and a half English money, more than five times the cost of our Coliseum. There were, it should be added, prize exhibitions of pictures at the *Colisée*, which were very popular; and Mr. Hornet projected similar exhibitions in the gallery beneath his panorama of London; but the idea was not taken up by the British artists. In 1778, the Parisian building required repair, but the creditors of the proprietors refused to advance the requisite funds, and the *Colisée* was closed for ever: two years afterwards, the whole was taken down, and streets built upon the ground.—By the way, is not the *Colisée* the building mentioned by Dr. Johnson, in his Tour in 1775, as the colosseum, and noted by Mr. Croker "in the Faubourg St. Honoré," which is, indeed, the northern boundary of the *Champs Elysées*.

In digging for peat in the commune of Auxy le Château, in the Pas de Calais, there have been found some petrified horns of the urus, or auroch, an animal of the same species as the bull in its savage state, but which has long disappeared from this country.—*Paris Advertiser*, July 26.

Timber.—There were cut last winter, from one acre of land in the Taunton and Raynham Tract, State of Maine, 227,000 feet of timber. The tract was sold within three years at the rate of two dollars per acre!

M. Bovy has received a gold medal for a medal of Cuvier; and another of J. J. Rousseau, taken from the statue to his memory erected at Geneva.

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